

MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
1 of 4

VANLENTE WALKER FRANCESCO DEBAILLIEU

MARVEL ZOMBIES



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MARVEL ZOMBIES 3 #1

70
YEARS
OF
MARVEL
COMICS

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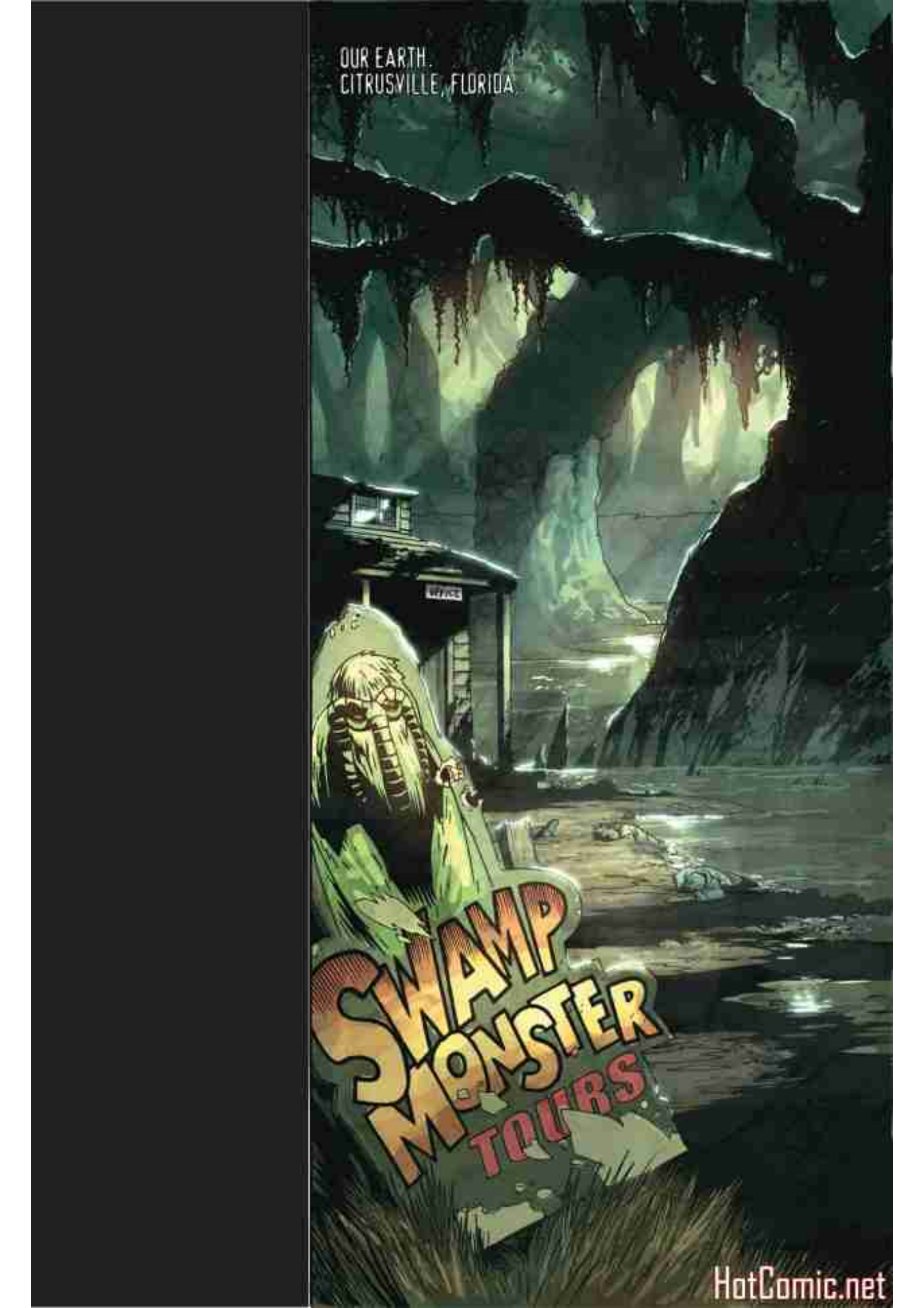
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70 YEARS
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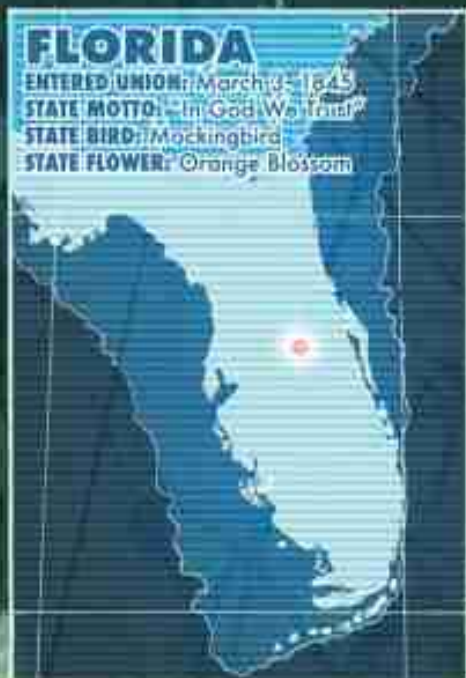
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OUR EARTH.
CITRUSVILLE, FLORIDA



**SWAMP
MONSTER
TOURS**

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STATE INITIATIVE TEAM:

THE COMMAND

AQUARIAN

Peacemaker
From the stars!

I repeat--
We have reports
of multiple mundane
hostiles, plus one
costume, with the
costume possibly
mind-puppeteering
the norms.

So make sure
your target is a
confirmed hostile
before engaging,
people.

The Orange
County line is just
a few clicks away--
and I'm not gonna
let these bad guys
take one step
further.

THE CONQUISTADOR

15th-Century discoverer of
the Fountain of Youth!

JENNIFER KALE

Reincarnated Atlantean
sorceress!

SIEGE

Half man! Half machine!
All American!

Geez, Kelly, what is your *obsession* with protecting Orange County and Orlando?

You a *cyborg*, or an *animatronic*?

Heh.

Wundarr...

You didn't actually *get* that joke, did you?

... What joke?

Troph.

Witch Girl! Space Hippie!

Look alive!

We got civilians down here!

SIEGE™ AREA SCAN
VITAL SIGNS--NEGATIVE

SIEGE™ AREA SCAN
VITAL SIGNS--
NEGATIVE ***

All right, ma'am. Everything's going to be all right.

We'll take it from here.







SPELLCASTER?
DAMN.

THEY GOT
THOSE DELUS EX
MACHINAS IN THIS
DIMENSION, TOO?

LOOKS
LIKE A JOB
FOR...

...THE
MERC
WITH HALF
A MOUTH!

IN EVERY
SCHOOL OF MAGIC
I EVER FLUNKED
OUT OF...

...YOU NEEDED
THE FLEXOR DIGITORUM
PROFUNDUS TO DO THAT
HOODOO THAT YOU
DO.

SKLRRCH

YOU
KNOW...

...ATTACHED BY
THOSE TENDONS I
JUST SEVERED?

GGAHHH!!

CHOMP!!

AAAAHHH!!

It hurts,
Jennifer
Kale!

It hurts!!!

MMMM/
OCTOBER 1973!
DELICIOUS!

Is that ...
Deadpool? Why...
Why is he...

I can't make
any mystic sigils!
Hold him off!

NYAAAAAAH!!

HAH!
TYPICAL
LIBERAL!

YOU'RE ALL
"PEACE, LOVE AND
UNDERSTANDING" UNTIL
THE YOU-KNOW-WHAT
HITS THE FAN--

BLAAAAAT!!

--THEN YOU
START BLASTING
PEOPLE'S LIMBS OFF
WITH YOUR ENERGY
BEAMS!

SHINKSHINKSHINK!!

OOH,
NICE FORCE
FIELD.

Wunderrr!
Throw him
down here!

WHAT'S THAT?
DO I FEEL A DRAFT
SOMEWHERE?

PFPT!
THIS IS BARELY
A FLESH WOUND!
EVEN WITHOUT MY
HEALING FACTOR!

BWAZZNNNN!!



Yeah?

HEALING
FACTOR
THIS!

WWWWHHRRRRRRRR

BBRRRAAATTTT!!!



Jennifer
Kale.

Wundarr
is infected,
Jennifer Kale.
But he
believes--

Oh...

Oh, God...



Kill you,
Jennifer Kale!
Peel off your
skin and dig
out your--



Wundarr
believes he can
purge the impurity
from his system--



Let your
sweet juices
roll down my--



But he
needs to go into
hibernation
to do it.

Will Jennifer
Kale be all
right?



Y-you do
what you have
to, Wundarr.

I'll call
Camp Hammond
for backup--





AAAAHHH!!



Jen.
'You so disappointed
me, Jen.



Wundarr!
Wun--

KRRRKKKK

EEYAAAGGH!!

SIEGE™ BIOLOGICAL
UNIT: UNRESPONSIVE. ●●●

BIOLOGICAL UNIT:
LIFE SIGNS: NEGATIVE ●●●

When the initiative
first *assigned* me
this B.S. unit, you
were the one *bright*
spot.

'Cause your
file had *photos*
of you in this
barbarian princess
bikini.

Imagine how
crushed I was when
I reported for duty,
only to find you didn't
wear that
anymore.

STOP!!

But I live in hope
that you still have
it on under your
clothes.

Let's take
a look, shall
we?

And then
we'll see what's
under *that*.

And what's
under *that*.

And under
that.

Until there's
nothing of *you*
left.

CONCLUSION...

BIOLOGICAL UNIT IRRETRIEVABLY
TURNED BY EXTRADIMENSIONAL
PATHOGENIC AGENT. ...

TERMINATE BIOLOGICAL UNIT. ○

NO!
NOOOO!!

I'm still
hungry! I'm
still--

BLAMM!

Aaahhh

Aaahhh

A.R.M.O.R. QUARANTINE
PROTOCOL 32(B) IN
EFFECT: ...

AAAAAAHHH!!!

Aahh

Ah...

...ah-huh-
huh-huh-huh-
huh...

TROUBLESHOOTING MESSAGE
SENT TO A.R.M.O.R. CENTRAL
COMMAND. ...

AWAITING RESPONSE. ○○○

"Director, the computer
models are *not*
encouraging."

06:32 HOURS SINCE INITIAL CONTAGION

"I know, Michael."

"Even though The Command took out the *prime carrier*, we don't yet know how many *second generation carriers* *escaped*."

"And despite National Guard *quarantine* of the area, we may *not* know until one of them hits a *population center*."

"Director, we're looking at a pathogen of *unheard-of* virulence here."

"An infection rate of 100%."

"If just *one* carrier reaches an area of high potential host density--at the speed it can spread?"

"Within *twenty-four hours* the whole continent could be--"

"I know, Michael."

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ALTERNATE REALITY MONITORING
AND OPERATIONAL RESPONSE AGENCY.
AKA A.R.M.O.R.



There's more,
Director.

Oh, goody,
Michael.
Can there
be?

Play back the
original 9-1-1 from
Swamp Tours.



--YEAH,
YOU'D BETTER
SEND IN THE CAPE'S, MAN,
THERE'S THIS MASKED GUY
AND HE'S--DOING SOMETHING
TO THE TOURISTS--THERE'S
ALL THIS SCREAMING.
AND--

And the
audio from what
we salvaged of
the prime carrier in
interrogation--

YOO-HOO! SUPER-
SECRET SPY-GUYS? CAN
ANYBODY COME IN HERE
AND SCRATCH MY LEFT
FOOT? IT ITCHES
LIKE CRAZY...

Does
this guy ever
shut up?

Voice print analysis is a *match*.
He *lured* the Command there *on*
purpose. My theory is he--

--or the virus *itself*,
as impossible as *that*
sounds--

-- *wants* to infect
superhumans. It prefers
superhumans as hosts as
a more *efficient*
means of spreading
itself.

My God.

Director?



The Registered
Superhuman you
requested is 'porting
into Entry Bay
Two...

I'm A.R.M.O.R. director
Charles Little Sky.

Now that
your mission with
Ms. Marvel and
Operation: Lightning
Storm has ended, I'm
glad you agreed to
this temporary
reassignment...



A comic book panel featuring Machine Man, a character with a metallic, purple and black body and glowing red eyes. He is standing in a large, futuristic, circular facility with multiple levels and walkways. The background shows a lush green landscape with a white bird flying in the sky. The facility has a high-tech, industrial feel with various pipes and structural elements.

...MACHINE
MAN!

"Aaron"
will suffice,
thank you.

"Mr. Stack,"
if you're
nasty.

Welcome
to *The Hollow*,
Aaron.

Impressive.

I'd heard rumors
of an agency so top-
secret it made S.W.O.R.D.
look like S.H.I.E.L.D....

...and made
S.H.I.E.L.D. look
like the *Post*
Office.

Pursuant to United
Nations Security Council
Invisible Resolution 121,
A.R.M.O.R. responds first
to all incidences of *trans-
reality conflict*.

To guard against
outside contamination
by extradimensional
agents and disruptions
to the *timestream*--

--The Hollow is a
completely self-sufficient
bunker sunk many miles
underground in a
top-secret location,
accessible only via
teleportation.

Aaron, you've heard of parallel universes, I imagine? Alternate realities related to ours that never intersect?

Well there are also **perpendicular** universes--universes that cross over with ours at **one point and one point only**. Our job is to babysit them, too.

And **wave** universes, which converge with ours for a brief period of time--though "brief" can mean anywhere from a few microseconds to a decade.

The largest cluster of entry points for perpendicular and wave universes on Earth can be found in the Citrueville, Florida swamps.

I've read *Weird America* calls it "**The Nexus of All Realities**."

At present--and I tell you this under the strictest "**Need-to-Know**" basis **only**, Aaron--

--it appears the Nexus has converged with a wave universe you would **not** want to bring home to mama.

The hell...?

A world completely overrun by some kind of "**zombie plague**," leaving only cannibalistic undead superhumans behind.

That universe's version of **Deadpool** accidentally stumbled through the Nexus about seven hours ago, presumably looking for food, and **single-handedly** wiped out an entire initiative team.

What's a **deadpool**?

You've met
blood expert and
Fellow Registered
Superhuman
Dr. Michael
Morbius?

Ah, yes.
The so-called
"Living
Vampire."

I'm afraid
you'll only
get motor oil
out of me.

I try to
only drink the
blood of the
guilty when I
thirst.

Of
course
you do.

In case any secondary
carriers escape our
dragnets--or another
primary emerges
from the Nexus--

I'm working on
a **vaccine**, if for no
other reason than to
inoculate the R.S.H.'s in
the initiative.

That requires
the creation of an
attenuated version
of the virus--less
virulent, but still very
much alive.

Unfortunately,
we still have a long
way to go in the field
of interdimensional
biology.

The zombie
plague lives in
the blood--and I
can't keep it weak
and living in the
samples we have
here.

The
chemistry
is...**off**.

What
I need
is--



you need live, human blood from the virus's *native dimension* to create the vaccine.

Y-yes...

We've outfitted a robot not unlike you to enter this... "Zombieverse" and acquire the sample. As its *combat escort*, you will--

No.

I beg your pardon?

Go on a suicide mission into an undead super hero-infested dimension where there's probably *no beer*?

I'm flattered you thought of me, but thanks, I'll pass.

I could order you to--

Actually, check my S.H.I.E.L.D. contract. You *couldn't*.

I registered just to get the government off my back. I'm *through* sticking my neck out for you fleshies. It's never brought me anything but *grief*.

And now that my curiosity about A.R.M.O.R. has been fully *sated*, I'd like to be 'ported back to my quarters with my Life Model Decoy and case of Hitachino, please...

Have you tried Hitachino? They make the most amazing light and fruity Belgian pale ale entirely from rice--

Aaron.

It's been a long time.

When they told me *you* would be the one to accompany me, I was ...

...pleased.

You look so different.

Y-yes...

* ...it's been a while...

BRAKAWHOOM!

* ...since we fought *Ultron* together...you and me and Ben Grimm...



08:16 HOURS SINCE INITIAL CONTAGION

"...I'll do it."

Going somewhere?

I'm not just your agency director. I'm also your ride.

My power to generate *portals* between dimensions makes me the designated driver around here.

WALL!

WALL!
WALL!
WALL!

Exit Bay.
One air change complete; 48.4% free and clear of fugitive emissions.

Hot bay!
We have a hot bay, people!

Our clock is running out. So I'm dropping you off in an area our biorhythm probes show has the most humans.

Unfortunately, Ecology 101 being what it is...

...that means that's where most of those *things* will be, too.

So...lady... gentleman...

...step right this way to save the world.



Oh, come on...

Problems, Doctor Morbius?

I'm having... difficulty remembering my password.

Here, let me enter the "skeleton key" code--



--but just this *once*, you hear? You write that access number down in a safe place.

Or hell, just leave your door unlocked.

Who's going to rip you off down in this hole?



Point taken, Bratton. Thank you.



Spigh?

Blasted necrosis.



Some short-term memory loss is inevitable, I suppose.

It's wise I kept you *alive* then, eh, Michael?



As this world's uninfected version of me, I'll need that *fresh* brain of yours to help me with the final calculations.



Deadpool
did his part.

Now I'll
do mine.

...ah, spirit
gum and latex,
comes right
off...

We've come
to your world
on a mission to
spread the
gospel, you
see...

...and everything
is going *exactly*
as planned!



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